You Crave Darkness But I Need Light

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You Crave Darkness But I Need Light

by Unicornsfartglitter

Summary

Will Graham is a young, despondent prostitute but when Hannibal picks him up maybe things will change .

Notes

Oh look at me, after writing 142 walking dead fanfics I've finally started writing my first Hannibal fic, a longtime dream of mine!

I tend to get raunchy with the butt sex so be prepared but I'm also not sure if this will get there. 🤷

Chapter 1

Will wrapped his arms around his stomach, his too thin hoodie doing nothing to warm him up in winter but it was all he could afford. The night was unknown, anyone could pick him up and he jumped in both anxiety and to heat himself up. If the right guy came by he could stay warm for a few hours, the wrong one could result in a bruised or broken body and the most terrifying option was always open, a murderer could pick him up and end this all. Sometimes he wanted that, he thanked God that a coma a few years ago ended his empathy disorder so he couldn't see it coming.

A harsh shoulder crashing against his sore one forced Will to snap out of his thoughts. Matthew smiled at him lazily, in a different life maybe they would be lovers or fuck buddies but the reality here was that the two of them were nothing but dirty whores struggling to survive.

"I heard there's a polished, hot guy picking up boys. He drives a black bentley, I hope to seduce him tonight. Got my tight pants on." Matthew laughed out.

Will assessed his friend if he could call him that, his pants were tight and a simple white t-shirt seemed to always drive a john to choose you.

"Hmm. I heard he gave Rich a wild ride last night, dropped him off with an extra two hundred dollars and not a scratch on him." Will spoke up.

"Jackpot!" Matthew shouted gleefully, giddy at the potential.

It was depressing such an opportunity was exciting and if Will could give a shit these days it would upset him.

Matthew pulled out two cigarettes and lit the first, offering it to Will. Obviously he made some cash the night before to afford them, they were cheap and the stale taste sat pungent on his tongue but the smoke burned his lungs and made him forget the chill for a moment.

"We should hitchhike to Florida, it would be warmer there. In Orlando we could make more cash." Matthew hated the cold and unforgiving Wolf Trap.

Sucking guys off on a cross country trip did not' appease Will, nothing did these days. His life was rather boring and he yearned to feel something, anything more than what he currently felt.

A honk had Matthew looking up, he grinned at the familiar white car from a client who treated him nicely. "Lady luck is on my side, he will let me spend the night in a warm bed."

Will watched Matthew skip away. Drawing in a big puff of smoke he tried to stay confident that a client would come for him tonight,

The hours dragged on, the girls kept getting picked up and the two other males that worked alongside him had long given up. It was easier for the girls to get chosen, Will sometimes tried to believe that was all it was but the self hatred that blossomed inside him screamed it was his looks and that he was a disgusting lay.

Jumping up and down, Will wished he had another cigarette to fight off the cold. It was time to go home, unlike Matthew he did have a modest apartment. It had rats and roaches and was only a living room with a lumpy bed, a small bathroom, and kitchen but it was better than the streets he lived on most of his life. He turned but haulted at a honk.

A pretty bentley flashed its lights and Will looked around, a few girls gathered, this man never picked a girl but surely that was a better pick than him. Sheila bent over inside the window, her bare ass exposed to the cool night. Will crooked his head, attempting to get a look at the man to see if he was actually good looking.

Sheila turned to him and pointed. “Will! He wants you.”

Frozen for half a second Will blinked before starting to walk over. ‘He only chose you because all the other guys are gone.’ He thought.

Sheila rolled his eyes at him, she never liked him despite his attempts to be sort of friendly. As friendly as an awkward turtle could be. Socialness was never his thing. Will got in and couldn't help but sigh at the heated seat and scent of new car with leather seats.

“Good evening.” A foreign accent greeted him.

A pair of eyes on a gracefully aging man met his. Attractive wasn’t the word. This man was refined, toned, foreign. Damn…he was going to murder him. The thought only made him laugh.

“What’s so funny?” The stranger asked.

Will had gradually been losing it, well he never had it but he grinned not wanting to scare his client off with his dark humor and possibly truth.

“Nothing.” He rasped.

“Hmmm, I doubt that.”The man spoke as he pulled onto the road.

“Nice car.” Will whispered, placing his cold hands against the warm vent.

“It is only a possession.” The man proclaimed.

The rich would say something like that.

“The hotels are horrendous in this area so I will take you to my home.”

Will tried to make conversation but his nerves were getting to him, he was used to the unattractive guys who paid him for sex and the ones who started their night hitting his head against the dashboard but this man turned up the classical music and hummed along with it

comfortable in the silence and didn't speak so Will stopped speaking after two short sentences.

His client pulled up at a gate and used a remote open it, the driveway was long and passed several snowy trees until they parked in front of a mansion. Will gawked at the entrance.

"Close your mouth, you will catch flies." The foreign man joked.

Will undid his seatbelt and set his hand on the door, furrowing his eyebrows when the door was opened for him. "What a gentleman." Will murmured more to himself.

His client smiled, a small huff escaping his parted lips as he took his arm and led him inside. Once the door closed Will took a moment to appreciate the beauty of the inside. The house was warm, not only with heat but the house glowed in a warm, golden hue and the walls and floor were welcoming. It has been a long time since Will could appreciate a home.

"Bourbon, vodka, or wine?" His hostess asked.

"Umm." Will fumbled, he had never drank before. "Whatever you are having."

"Bourbon it is." The man poured the liquid into a chilled, crystal glass. The bottle looked too expensive and Will self deprecating as always pondered why this guy would squander his good liquor on him.

"I must ask, if you don't mind what your name is." Hannibal asked, offering him his glass.

"My name is Will but you call me whatever you want." He husked in his most seductive voice.

The man looked at him unimpressed, as if he had heard the line before and didn't hide a roll of his eyes.

Swallowing thickly, Will looked down at his glass and turned it, inspecting the amber liquid. "So umm, what's your name?"

"Well Will, something tells me you don't give me a fake name so I will do the same. My name is Hannibal."

"Unusual name." Will commented and took a whiff of the bourbon.

Taking his first sip, it burned his throat and he coughed. Hannibal's eyes turned hungry at his reaction and he licked his lips, his next words much deeper. "Not much of a drinker?"

"Not really." Will replied and took another sip.

"I have to ask dear Will, how old are you?"

Will's empathy was long dead and this was the gamble. Some clients wanted the truth and others the allusion, he never knew which turned them on and if he wanted that arousement to come, He had been fucked too deep and carelessly because of the lie on his tongue and other

times kicked out when he told the truth because the fantasy was extinguished, It was tiring trying to figure out which way to go and too hard to just keep it at the truth.

Running a finger against the condensation of the chilled glass Will sighed, it wasn't his usual habit so he rarely did say it. "Well Hannibal, do you want the truth or do you want me to be the age you wish for? I'm an excellent actor."

Tonight promised good pay and sometimes giving in and letting his clients pick their own reality appeased them. Hannibal didn't look pleased though, his tale the furrow of his lips and the tilt of his head.

"I want the truth Will and expect only the truth to be given." Disappointment laced Hannibal's words.

Will gulped a large sip of the bourbon. "I turned eighteen three months ago."

Hannibal sat down, crossing his legs with easy finesse and took a sip of his own bourbon. "I assume it's safe to say you have been in this business long before your coming of age."

Words like this didn't fracture Will, he wished he had the ability to break these days. Sitting across from Hannibal he looked at the man dead on. "Of course Hannibal, who chooses to be a dirty whore at eighteen?"

Hannibal was accessing him, it was obvious. "You talk down about yourself."

Will laughed. "You speak as if I have any worth, my sucking skills and tight hole are all that matters these days."

Hannibal's face held neutrality, it frustrated Will because Hannibal knew what he was doing. No prostitute had a grand life or ambition, they didn't love themselves or the life they lived.

"Should we start discussing prices?" Will asked, desperate to change the topic as he started to unbutton his shirt.

"You know I'm good for it so let's not. What are your hard nos?"

Will swallowed down the bourbon, suddenly nervous. It was a good question and most times proved he was in a safe space but his anxiety spiked, this man was reading him like a book and he wasn't sure why it made him feel out of his element. Like a fish in a tank.

"Will, breathe in deeply for me." Will didn't realize his breaths had turned ragged and what the hell?

As a shallow breath tried to invade his lungs Hannibal approached him and dropped to his knees, a strong palm rubbed his leg and cooed at him. "It's okay."

Will couldn't stare into his eyes and looked away as he forced a burning, harsh breath in.

"I don't know what that was, it's never happened before."

Hannibal patted his knee, almost tenderly. “I’m afraid I’m letting my profession get in the way, I apologize Will. I didn't realize I was even doing it. I fear I scared you.”

“Profession?” Will asked confusedly, forcing himself to look at the older man.

“Why yes, Will, I’m a psychiatrist and you are an intelligent man. I see now, you could tell I was unintentionally reading you. For that I am very sorry.”

‘Fucking hell.’ Will thought.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

TW: Past Rape mentioned but not in detail.

Give me time to get to the dirty butt sex. This chapter is tame butt sex.

Will wanted to shut down but that would be the biggest tale. As much as he wanted to believe he was over caring, that he was entirely broken, he was now sitting in front of a psychiatrist panicking.

Hannibal uncrossed his legs, shifting to take a sip of bourbon, his face giving nothing away but his eyes revealed more. He knew Will was nervous.

“Why don’t you tell me what you want, your deepest fantasies and I can see what I can work with.” Will attempted his usual mirage.

Hannibal smirked, the game acknowledged and took another sip bourbon. Tsk’ing in disappointment he stood up and slowly approached Will, a warm hand caressed his cheek. The hands were overly delicate, too soft to belong to a man, fingertips traveled up his face to thread through his hair.

“Oh Will, what a bright one you are. Does deflecting work with your boring, slow friends?” Hannibal asked in a monotone voice.

Under normal circumstances Will would become agitated at the words spewing from Hannibal’s mouth but between the gentle touches and coy remark he gave up. He was pissed but intrigued.

Hannibal dropped his hand and went back to his seat, Will was cold from the sudden departure.

“You seem to be under the illusion that some things aren't understood about your position Will. Transparent you are. Daddy issues, mommy issues, ex boyfriend issues, so on. It could be any of the above or a mixture. What could you be so scared to admit to me?”

Will fought the angry heat within that would only cause him to react stupidly in front of a psychiatrist. He had plenty of issues but to group him up into having the same old generic issues as any other prostitute was harsh. No two that endured the same fate turned out the same. “Well since you already got me pegged down doctor, why don’t you do it literally?”

Hannibal chuckled. “You are hilarious, maybe I will.”

Hannibal stood once more. “Now that the cat and mouse game is over, shall we? I would like a good time tonight but you can’t expect me to go forward without discussing your limitations do you?”

Deflating, Will looked down, relinquishing control. There was no hope of Hannibal letting it go. “No bdsm stuff. Choking, whipping, handcuffs, bondage. No burning or fake rape. I can call you daddy if you want but I find it rather cliche.”

He hoped all he said would lump together, the mix of his no’s calling no attention to what actually bothered him.

“Hmm, father issues it is.”

“Damn it Hannibal!”

“Calm down Will, I’m simply being up front.” Gentle hands carded through his hair again in a nice, almost sweet gesture.

“Did your daddy rape you?”

Will hiccuped, those hands now burned as he tried to get away but as he did so, Hannibal's grip turned tight, his embrace encompassing. “It’s okay, you aren’t the first to tell me that.”

“Don’t..” Will struggled to speak.

“I”m not minimizing your pain Will, I'm confirming that you aren’t alone. Doesn’t that not make you feel better?”

“Fuck you!” Will spat.

Will was beautiful when angry.

“Oh I can do that Will.” Hannibal lunged at him, rubbing his chest in a circular pattern. “I can do that and more”

Will had another curse on his lips but Hannibal chose then to kiss him. Hannibal’s tongue was domineering, plunging in deeper before pulling back.

“Cheap cigarettes don’t suit you.”

Will closed his eyes at Hannibal’s accent, that turned an octave lower.

“Shut up.” Will grasped the back of Hannibal’s shirt and quickly pulled him back against him, attempting to take control that was already lost. Hannibal clutched his head between both his hands, kissing him harder. Will’s knees buckled while Hannibal explored his mouth, plunging his tongue in.

“Up the stairs you go.” Hannibal demanded.

Without a fight he did just that, Hannibal intense stare planted firmly on his ass. Will blushed, so unlike him.

“Turn left.” Hannibal ordered, his voice husky.

Will swallowed, when he entered the room Hannibal pushed him against the bed.

“Strip. I want to see all of you.”

Will undressed hurriedly, hands shaking in anticipation. It all felt new, like being a virgin up for first sacrifice. He yelped when Hannibal shoved him onto the bed.

On autopilot Will spread his legs, convulsing when Hannibal jerked his dick. It was strange for a client to give pleasure so willingly. Closing his eyes the pop of a cap had no indication of occurrence in his head, he shuddered when a single finger rubbed against his hole.

“I’m already prepped.” Will breathed out.

“Shhsh.” Hannibal whispered.

One slick finger breached him, it was nothing to him but precum pearled at his slit at the notion that someone was being gentle with him. He spread himself further, welcoming the finger in fully, with timed patience a second finger joined.

“Tell me Will, are you used to such gentleness?”

Of course it was some mind game for Hannibal but he moaned, it was indeed nice. “I can’t say that, Doctor.”

Slick noises permeated the room as three fingers slid slowly in and out of him. Hannibal changed angles and Will looked down at a well endowed dick, slightly flushed and leaking.

“Are you clean?”

Will nodded a yes but Hannibal still put on a condom, the question apparently only asked for curiosity's sake. Lining up Hannibal slid into his welcoming walls, slowly sinking in fully.

“Are you okay?” Hannibal asked.

What a stupid question but Will nodded, his legs wrapping around Hannibal as he started to rock. Hannibal stroked Will’s cock in sync with his thrusts. Skin lapping against skin, Will’s nails raked against Hannibal’s back, trying to understand how he was receiving a good fuck.

Hannibal pulled out abruptly, it should be expected. Part of this plan was to manipulate Will, make him think he for once could get off but once again he would be met with cruelty. Will would not show weakness.

Leaning up on his elbows Will went to slide off the bed but was stopped by Hannibal. Staring with bated breath, he watched mesmerized as Hannibal lathered up his dick with more lube before sliding his tip in, teasing Will’s entrance.

“Will.”

Will met soft eyes, reading him once again but he closed his eyes. He wanted this, to be fucked nicely and not have words, not have this damn psychatrist access him.

“Oh my God.” Will groaned when Hannibal slid his finger in along with his dick and pushed in fully again, opening him deeper.

“How beautiful you are, sweaty and spent.” Hannibal whispered.

His speed increased, Hannibal tugged on his nipple lightly, no skin broken nor bones fractured, and when Hannibal leaned down to kiss him while fucking him deeper he forgot he was a dirty, worthless whore.

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Morning came with the soft chirps of birds, almost like a time when Will had a mother. He had his best sleep in years and awoke knowing he wasn’t home. His dilapidated apartment on the fifth floor of Baker’s Avenue had no trees for birds to sing their joy.

“Morning.”

Will cracked an eye, Hannibal was already in a three piece suit, the ensemble looking like it came straight out of a GQ magazine. Will squinted his eyes befuddled at the cup of coffee Hannibal held being pushed his way.

“I’m sure you are used to being treated quite badly but this coffee is for you, I’ve already had my two cups of tea. Coffee is not that healthy but my guests seem to enjoy it.”

Will accepted the mug, cupping it to stop his hands from nervously twitching. “I fell asleep on you.”

“How astute.”

Will sipped, he wasn’t sure what to say.

“I take it that you aren’t used to such gentle motions as yesterday’s foray.”

‘Sure, it's an everyday occurrence.’ Was the first thought Will had but he cringed. Sarcasm was not better than the bitterness he felt at Hannibal's accurate assumption.

“Don't psychoanalyze me.”

Hannibal sat in a chair then, semen covered sheets had no place on his outfit.

“Call me rude Will but I am a psychiatrist and you are a prostitute. After yesterday’s events you would think you would understand the inevitable.”

Will drank his coffee, choosing to ignore Hannibal.

“Very well then Will, try to run if you wish. Need me to drop you off somewhere?”

“I can find my own ride, thank you.”

“Don’t be stupid in anger dear Will, you are far from anything and it’s snowing. I will give you a ride.”

“Let me finish my coffee first.” It was the best coffee Will had in a very long time.

“Very well, want something to eat with it?”

Will wanted to eat, his last meal was yesterday morning but he was best at sabotaging himself so he nodded a no.

Hannibal could do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted, it was apparent when Will finished his coffee and the doctor took thirty more minutes to announce they were leaving. No rush was made to steer the morning.

The ride back to his street corner with unknown predators awaited him. No small talk was made the entire ride over. Hanibal was comfortable with this, thrilled at Will's uneasiness. The only sound made in the absence of classical music was the crinkle of a paper bag.

Will already had his hand on the door handle, his payment forgotten, he was only aware that Hannibal had pulled up a bit further than the usual parking of clients.

“It was a pleasure spending the night inside you sweet Will.”

Despite the jarring contrasts they each displayed this morning the words cut deep in a nice way. Hannibal pulled out his wallet, Will’s eyes bugged out at the assortment of hundred and twenty dollar bills that were counted.

Smirking, Hannibal put the cash in the bag and handed it to Will who reluctantly took it. Unsure what to say, Wil accepted it and stepped out.

“What the fuck.” Will whispered, he felt fucked in two different ways after a night with Hannibal.

A window rolled down and Hannibal yelled out, his voice rising louder than Will imagined possible.

“Have a lovely day Will, I will see you Wednesday.”

With that the black bentley sped off, wheels spinning in its haste.

Will couldn't help but look into the bag, counting the cash under his raggedy hoodie.

“What the fuck? Six hundred dollars.” Will whispered only to himself.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Trigger warning:mentions suicidal ideation

Chapter Notes

Well I finally got kinky. Trigger warning:mentions suicidal ideation

Comments appreciated.

Will walked home, the business was better at night, feeling odd at being well rested, Hannibal's mattress was the best he slept in for years.

Once home he hid his cash, usually it was a couple of twenties when he could save a little, the paranoia of his childhood forced him to hide his small savings in a box under a floorboard. After that, Will opened the fridge knowing he wouldn't find anything but some peach tea inside. Taking a few sips he sat down to finally inspect what else Hannibal had left in the bag. It was a wrapped sandwich and a bottle of cologne with a short note.

Will scanned over it quickly: Dear Will your cologne is atrocious, no one in this day and age should wear such that comes from a ship bottle. Wear this Wednesday. Rolling his eyes, he opened the bottle to take a sniff, it was much more pleasant than the cheap cologne he pinched his pennies for.

"Asshat." Will murmured to himself, momentarily humoring himself that he could ignore Hannibal Wednesday. He would run to him though with the promise of good cash. Besides he knew how to fuck, almost like making love.

With that, he opened the packaged sandwich expecting an average breakfast but moaned. Seven grain bread that was obviously handmade melted in his mouth, mingling with some kind of sauce he never tasted before. Scrambled yard eggs and special sausage with just a pinch of seasonings and fresh cheese blended into the perfect melody. This was sausage Hannibal made, the sauce and bread as well. He could have been a chef instead of a psychiatrist and wouldn't that have been easier for Will.

Will slept a few more hours with his belly sated then decided to call Matthew to offer a treat of coffee. His company was barely enjoyable but it was an unspoken rule and as much as he

hated to admit it Matthew usually made more so it was only right to treat him after the many indulgences Matthew allowed him.

A short call and Will sat at the corner booth of a locally owned coffee shop. Feeling giddy, he ordered their usuals as well as two large chocolate muffins. Matthew walked in, a slight limp in his step informing Will of the night he had.

“Hey Will!” Matthew croaked, his voice strained.

Schooling his features into neutral, Will didn’t speak on the abuse Matthew suffered. His voice was hoarse because of screaming and his friend held his ribs tenderly.

“So I heard the Doctor picked you up/”

“You knew he was a psychiatrist?”

The waitress dropped off their orders and Matthew whistled.

“He paid you well I see, last time we had muffins was when Gideon was locked up.”

Will knew that psychopath wast the real Chesapeake Ripper, he was too arrogant and flamboyant. He was a common customer in their area and was cheap and artificial, nothing of substance. If the real killer ever got exposed he would be graceful but not in your face, it would be glamorous in a delicate way, like an artist exposing their final piece before knowing death awaited them.

“Earth to Will.” Matthew snapped his fingers pulling him out of her innermost thoughts, away from the idolization and arousal Will denied he felt for a well known serial killer.

“Sorry, it was…I can’t even put it into words. He fucked me like I was a boyfriend or something, it was gentle and I feel asleep, he didn’t care. Woke me up after a full night's sleep to coffee and he paid me more than I was worth, way too much. He made me a sandwich for breakfast and it was homemade, the best I eaten in forever and he knew how to fuck me good.”

“Whoa slow down there Willy.” Matthew chewed on a large chunk of muffin.

“Sorry, I guess I just see what all the talk was about.” Will apologized.

“How much did he pay you?”

Will opened and closed his mouth, plenty of times they discussed pay but Hannibal paid him too much.

“It's okay, I know you had a better night than me.”

Will took a sip of his coffee and paused before whispering. “Six hundred.”

Matthew spat his coffee out comedically, a few customers started but Matthew never felt shame. “That’s more than Rich got.”

“What?” Wil stammered.

“He gave Rich three hundred dollars after two hours, I mean still a hell of a lot but he didn’t get breakfast and the Doctor threw him out of the house during the night.”

“Maybe he was rude to him.” Will attempted to reason.

“Nah, he just loved your tight ass. Good for you.”

It wasn’t true, maybe Hannibal was getting into his groove and Rich was his first client and he was working out his system but then why did Hannibal pretty much promise to choose him again Wednesday? He wasn't the only guy. He had to forget it all, obsessing would change nothing and give him no clarity. The Doctor had to be crazy to buy whores when he was that attractive and proper, and then paying them that much. He had to be nuts.

“You could have told me he was a psychiatrist, you know.”

Matthew smiled, taking a bite of his muffin and not bothering to swallow it before he took a sip of coffee to go along with it. “I can never quite figure you out Will but something told me if I gave you that clue you would reject him. You deserve the money.”

Maybe Matthew was a better friend than he thought. He would have to buy him another coffee tomorrow.

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Three days passed slowly, three days since Will met Hannibal and now it was Wednesday. He rolled the balls of his feet, nervous and cold. This week has been unforgiven, relentless snow drove him to buy a thick jacket. It was too costly even with Hannibal's supply of cash but it helped him to stay on the streets longer. Despite it all, the clients almost dried up, the cold had them staying inside. It was late, the cold and long day was getting to him. Will yawned, his eyes scanning for a black car as he shoved his hands deeper into his pockets.

‘He’s not coming, he lied to you. Knew you were a bad fuck, your ass was too loose.’ Will’s mind berated himself.

It was time to give up so Will started the trek home, it was only two blocks but he was tired. As if fate was on his side a car pulled up, its head beams flashing forcing Will to look. A smile took over and he sighed out.

A few of the nicer girls hollered, Sheila did not, her eyes judging and hateful. Will beamed, only to shove it in her face, his pace slowing so she could watch longer. This job sucked but Will could be a bitch so when he got to the car, he bent over and waited for Hannibal to open it. Perking his ass out he stuck his head in the window to preen like a peacock.

Hannibal smiled, leaning over to peck his cheek. Chaste and sweet, it threw Will off but he hid that, realizing now that the simple gesture was one he never received before.

“William. Are we showing off?’

Will smiled broadly, this time to conceal his shock. The call of his full name cutting deep like a knife. “Well, it’s rare a boy gets to shove it in a girl's face that he gets the best client.”

Hannibal grinned, his eyes displaying knowledge of Will’s facade but he got out, walking over to Will’s side to open the door and speak loudly.

“I’m so glad you are still here for the evening. I was running late.”

Will was much more comfortable in the car this time around, allowing the soft tune of classical music to relax him. It didn’t hurt that Hannibal brought him homemade hot chocolate, nothing this good came from a coffee shop or powder mix.

“I have to apologize, I was honestly late today. Got hung up with a client. I’m afraid he’s not all there and I simply can’t help, especially when he’s infatuated with me.”

“Isn’t it unethical to share with me Doctor?” Will questioned.

“I may have to apologize again, if you think I’m ethical I must re access my opinions on you.”

Will giggled, it had been far too long since he enjoyed an earnest laugh. Hannibal looked his way, allowing him to have it. Will knew most clients owned you once you stepped into their car, that you weren't able to be yourself. Hannibal was different.

“I thought we could have a nice meal, the steaks have been marinating and then we could chat before our next adventure.”

Will’s mouth watered, the hot cocoa was heavenly. The meal had to be better but being his worst enemy his words tried to bite him. “You don't have to feed me, it’s not expected.”

Hannibal looked over, his eyes sharp and leaving no room for discussion. “That is not your choice tonight and you are far too thin, dare I say malnourished.”

Hannibal’s nose was invaded with the sour scent of hurt. Will stretched out his legs, looking out the window. Hannibal was not being cruel but whenever he was faced with the shitty way he treated himself it stung.

The houses were becoming spaced further apart, a sign they were closely approaching the Doctor’s property. Will stayed mute, attempting over and over to find a subject. It was understood Hannibal knew he hurt his feelings. Will wasn’t trying to hide he was burnt but he couldn't bring words to lips. Meanwhile, Hannibal felt awful, a foreign feeling settling in. Hannibal did not care what others felt. He didn’t intentionally mean to hurt Will but usually that wouldn’t matter.

Once parked, Hannibal always the gentleman opened Will's door and led him inside, going as far as to help him take off his jacket.

“That’s one fine jacket.” Hannibal said, wishing to say anything kind.

“Thanks to you.” Will said smally.

They walked together to the kitchen. Hannibal rushed to gather all the ingredients and soon Will was sitting with an offered seat, drinking something fancy while the smell of spices filled the room.

“I’m afraid I have another apology to make, this one more sincere.”

Will gazed up at the earnest words, apologies were another thing he was never offered. “What for?’

“Sometimes I should bite my tongue, there is a difference between concern and rudeness. I’m afraid I was terribly rude, it would have taken no effort on my part to nicely ask you to have dinner with me. I was excited to cook for you tonight and I tainted it with brashness.”

“You don't owe me anything, I should do what you say. It’s my job.” Will reasoned.

“Will I don’t like you saying that, you know what you have to do to make it in your line of work. You have rules and expectations but I don’t want that to apply to me. You should feel welcome and safe, it’s only our second time together but we tend to clash.”

“Like a married couple.” Will clasped his mouth, his eyes wielding shut at his words.

Hannibal continued to sear the steaks and sighed, suppressing a pleased smile. “I suppose so.” The comment secretly thrilled him.

Will felt at peace, certainly about to expose too much but was okay so he stood, walking up to Hannibal who turned down the stovetop to look at Will, really seeing him.

“I’m fucked up, I don’t think I can’t be. Sometimes I try to tell myself it’s the trauma, I never got a decent shake on life past four years old but then I have these thoughts, these dark ones that make me think that’s why I’m here. Why I have it so bad and why it can’t get any better. I don’t deserve that, I think I’m better off dead but then scoff because I don't have the balls to do it.” The word vomit wouldn’t stop, part of Will wanted to shut up and the other part begged, begged for someone to listen.

Staring down at his shoes, he waited for Hanniball to throw him out. He was stupid to have a pity party in front of the only man to ever spoil him but then Hannibal took his hands and squeezed them. “I'm sorry to hear that you feel that way, it’s very common in abuse victims. Rarely do they see things rationally. None of us actually do when it comes to our secret thoughts, even when we have good lives. I will not push, you can tell me no and if you do I will listen but Will, if you would like some help, let me. I would love to see you, we can have some appointments separate from this where you can tell me anything. Free of charge, we can sort this out in your head ”

Will shuddered but held Hannibal's hand, not letting go. “Umm, I would like to think about it. You might not like what you see.”

“Will, I would never judge you but again that is on your terms.”

Will didn't want to talk about it anymore so he looked at the pan. “So are you still feeding me?”

Catching his drift, Hannibal turned on the stove and continued to cook.

The meal was delicious as expected. The steak was tender, different from the steaks he had before but in a good way, Will assumed it was because all he ever had was a nearly expired, discounted steak. He was wrong. The baked potato was actually baked in an oven and smothered in butter Hannibal made, covered in chives and bacon. The salad included vegetables from Hannibal’s garden and a freshly made dressing, then there were the rolls.

“Hannibal, that was too much. I’m stuffed.” Will replied, sated.

Hannibal patted his lips with a cloth napkin. “In a minute I hope to stuff you in another way.”

Will laughed, covering his mouth to stifle his amusement.

“What’s so funny?”

Will leaned forward. “That sounds like something a frat boy would say. You are too refined to speak like that and yet you did.”

“Hmm, you find me eloquent yet I pay for sex.”

Will stood, gathering his dishes to help clean up but Hannibal stopped him. Giving up, he leaned against the island counter and watched Hannibal in his element. “Why is that? You don't have to and yet you pay.”

“I find relationships to be nuanced, too much expectation. I have to be emotionally available, act a certain way, compromise, and at the end of the day still pay up so this is much easier.”

“Have you ever been in love?” Will held his breath, he was being nosey and was waiting to be reprimanded, something told him if he made Hannibal angry there would be hell to pay.

“Not really, just because I’m a psychiatrist doesn't mean I don’t have my own issues. My past is murky, I went through something rather traumatic and I prefer not getting that close to someone again.”

That meant he lost a family member, Will was not going to broach that subject. Hannibal’s sleeves were rolled up, a plate was dunked into soapy water, his tanned arms were toned and covered in suds, those hands that were capable of a lot. Will was mesmerized but still heard Hannibal’s question. “How about you? Has love ever been on the table?’

Will hopped on the island, still staring at Hannibal’s arms. “You already know the answer to that one.”

“It’s not nice to assume and I’m sure some of your coworkers have experienced love, why is that such an absurd question?”

“Because you already figured out my past.” Will said matter of factly. “Like you, certain pain leaves no room for trust.”

Trust was the perfect way of putting it Hannibal thought as he finished the last few dishes. “You are lucky you're pretty. It’s rather rude of you to sit on my granite counter.”

“Oh shit. Sorry.” Will went to hop down but was stopped by Hannibal.

“I didn't say get down.”

Will froze, watching as Hannibal went back to his dishes, he swung his legs. “I don't get you sometimes.”

“Good.” Was the Doctor’s only reply.

Once all the dishes were clean Hannibal dried his hands and came to Will, caressing his cheek and pulling his chin up for a kiss. Will obliged, opening his legs to invite Hannibal in. Hands rubbed his chest, everything intimate despite the hard length he felt rubbing against his. It didn't take long for Will to huff, turning his neck to the left so Hannibal could suck on his neck, each nip making him harder.

“How do you want it?” Hannibal asked, his hand gliding into Will’s jeans to tug on his dick.

The question threw him, it wasn’t about what he wanted. “What were you thinking?”

“So many options.” Hannibal whispered, his fingers caressing his leaking slit. “I could rip you to shreds or do a repeat of last time or you could tell me what you really want.”

“Anything is fine.” Will caught himself saying with one hundred percent honesty.

“Hmm.” Hannibal kissed his neck before crashing his tongue into Will’s, their teeth getting in the way as they hurriedly made out.

“I did see you marveling at my hands.”Hannibal bit at his ear, nipping him, his skin broke, releasing the smallest trace of blood. Will’s dick twitched at the slight pain.

“What do you think you know?” Will whispered.

This man was nearly as psychic but there was no way he knew.

Hannibal licked the blood off his ear, suckling on the small cut he made there, drawing out more blood. “I think you know.”

Will shivered, leaning back despite the ache in his back so that Hannibal could grind harder against him.

“Say it.” Hannibal commanded, grasping his sides to pull him in closer.

“Hannibal.” Will sighed.

“Tell me you want me to fist you and I will or be quiet and I can sweet vanilla you.”

Will cocked his head, thinking he must have heard wrong but Hannibal was so sure of himself, his face nothing but cocky as his hands left Will’s jeans to pat his crotch.

Will watched him leave the kitchen to walk up the stairs. Hannibal didn't wait for him this time, knowing Will could find his way.

Wil gulped. “No way.” He muttered under his breath.

Once he slowly made his way up, unsure what he wanted to happen he walked in to see Hannibal pulling out a few sex toys and various lubes.

“They're all bleached, clean and spiffy for you.”

His Lithuanian accent grated on Will’s nerves, he was intentionally getting under Will’s skin.

“Yeah, I’m always worried about a twice used dildo being shoved up my ass.”

Hannibal was amused but shrugged. “I’m going to have to gag that mouth, you curse too much and when you’re not, you're still speaking so dirty.”

A gag with anyone else would scare Will but he found himself excited.

“So am I going to be sticking it tamely in again or are you going to speak?”

The thing was Will was all about his ass, loved being stretched open. He was insatiable and the few times he wasn’t dead tired after work he would take his time and stretch himself to gaping, gasping at the filthy sounds that came out of his hole as he stretched his rim well past open, delighting in how anything he shoved inside was snatched out harshly.

That was his own safety though, the few times he had been fisted by a client was very different. It hurt, there wasn’t enough time taken and most times he bled. Sure, he came harder than anything else his clients did to him but he was left sore for days. It was not safe.

Panic started to settle in his chest and he battled with it. He went home with clients he knew didn't care for his safety and he still willingly went, never panicking but now with Hannibal it was different.

“Will.”

Will looked up, Hannibal was scratching his short nails into his neck, causing minimal pain but taking him out of his thoughts.

“I’m all for understanding inner turmoil but you're safe with me. Just say no Will, it’s that easy.”

Will pulled back, collapsing on the bed. “Do you think it’s really that easy?’

Hannibal sat beside him, exhaling out “Of course not. Am I the only one who causes you panic?”

This man was a fucking asshole, he knew the answer already. Will breathed in and out, not answering for several minutes. Reveling in the fact that he would not be reprimanded.

“It’s easy to panic when you know it's okay if you do.” He finally answered.

“Maybe that should be flattering but it's not.” Hannibal scooted closer to him, putting an arm around him.

“I know you won’t hurt me.” Will admitted.

“I already know you know that.” Hannibal admitted back.

“Sometimes I wonder how a virgin feels, wishing to get fucked but waiting for the right person or whatever. How weird it must feel to ache for an orgasm but only imagine what it’s like. People like that probably think us whores had it all and it’s been easy.’

Hanibal took his hand, the gesture was kind but made Will shiver.

“I wish you could have that Will. That your virginity was yours to give. All I can offer instead is the safety of tonight.”

Will squeezed his hand. “If I wanted you to fist me and it didn't feel right, would you stop?”

“Will.” Hannibal said with a sad ache to his tone. “You know I would, Say pig and I will.”

Will laughed, patting Hannibal's hand before shoving him playfully. “I know all about safe words but pig is what you choose?”

Hannibal was relieved his humor worked. “I do like pigs, they’re tasty.”

‘The ruder the tastier.’ Hannibal thought.

Will stood, undressing slowly, his hands slid over his body, he turned to the side angling one leg out to display a seductive pose. The usual words he berated at himself at this type of striptease nowhere inside his head as he watched Hannibal, a much more beautiful man drool at his display.

Hannibal was quicker stripping down. Capable of ignoring the heavy, swollen cock between his legs.

“Tell me what you wish.” Hannibal ordered

This time it was said for control but Will relinquished it. “Fist me Hannibal, stretch me out slowly.”

He was nervous as Hannibal placed a plastic sheet over the bed but he climbed in. His dick hung down, dripping while he got on all fours and angled his ass over the edge of the bed.

“Is spanking okay?” Hannibal asked.

With no fear Will spoke. “Yes.”

Not a moment was given before a wet palm smacked his ass, he would be red, remembering Hannibal’s palm for days. He moaned out, a filthy grunt escaping his lips while Hannibal kept going, spanking his cheeks in several successions, the last hitting his hole. Will shuddered, a wet finger rubbed against him there, a fingertip prodded in before stopping.

Will looked back, expecting a reprimand for his gaze but Hannibal only winked. A water bottle full of lube tipped over, thick white lube drizzling down his cheeks. The shit was expensive, lube made to look like cum. He thought only pornos used it. He huffed when his cheeks were pried apart, thick lube was rubbed all over his cheeks.

Hannibal shoved two slicked digits inside him, prodding. Will leaked at the two fingers pulling at his outer rim and yanking out, stretching him in a welcoming ache. It had been too long since he had stretched himself like this, somehow Hannibal knew what he wanted most.

Then it was three fingers, his slit was rubbed just enough to make him shudder before it was ignored. Hannibal shoved in all five of his fingers but did not press his hand inside, allowing Will to adjust to the girth. Hannibal added more lube, licking his lips. He loved an open ass and was thrilled Will was into this.

Hanninal’s dick twitched, begging for attention at Will’s moans when he finally pressed his entire fist into warm walls, Will took him well. There was no doubt in that. When he pulled out Will bucked back, babbling.

“It seems like your hole stretched well Will.” Hannibal observed.

Will pressed his ass back once more, begging for Hannibal's hand. Hannibal lathered up, he had fisted a few guys but never without gloves, never with a body like Will’s.This was divine. Hannibal shoved his hand back in, pressing his arm deeper with no resistance. Will started to thrust back, taking him in deeper.

Hannibal pushed back and forth, waiting for the word pig that was never uttered. Will was leaking but no longer moaning. Hannibal jerked Will’s wet length and Will grunted quietly then the lightbulb went off.

Hannibal balled up his fist and pulled out and Will finally leaked profusely, grunting loudly, vocal like the whore he was. Hannibal balled up his fist and pressed it back in, being careful but fast as he sunk in and out vigorously. Will meet his wild pace, matching with each push and pull. At some point he flattened out on the bed, changing angles, for a tighter hole, yearning for that aching burn.

Will was in ecstasy, the stretch deeper now. He panted, dragging his hand down his torso to feel the bulge of Hannibal’s hand inside him. It was much better than he could ever give himself. Hannibal pulled out quickly once again, taking time to trace a finger lightly around his puffy, pink rim. Will grabbed his mushroomed head, forbidding himself to cum at the action.

“Hmm.” Hannibal kissed his asscheek.

Will clenched his dick harder.

“Push out for me baby.”

Will mustered the strength to pull up, to show off his gape while pushing out. Hannibal grunted at the sight of lube dripping out of Will’s ass, he dragged his dick against stringy white, then plunged hard into Will.

Will’s walls were wet and open but he still pressed in, jerking Will’s dick as he pounded hard. Will tried desperately to clench around his dick, to drive him mad, Hannibal felt it but was more aroused at how loose Will was after a fisting.

“Hannibal.” Will muttered, thrusting back against him.

Pulling out, Hannibal flipped him smirking at Will’s shriek of surprise. Will watched him get up, his eyes tired but hungry. Will pulled his legs up, bending his knees to show off his welcoming hole. Hannibal picked up a dildo, it was longer than him but less thick, he slapped it against his hand eliciting a grunt from Will.

He came back to the edge of the bed, tilting his head in lust. Will’s hole clenched and unclenched, lube drizzling out with each pulse. Hannibal laid over Will, kissing him softly, sure to lay gentle nips and kisses across his neck and cheek. When Will smiled, he pressed the dildo in.

Will’s hole quivered, his whole body did as he pressed the toy in and out before pressing it in fully followed by himself. He quickened his pace, thrusting both the dildo and his length deep within Will, yanking on Will’s beautiful curls. He pulled out once just to slam back in.

Will’s eyes turned black, his legs tiredly attempting to come around Hannibal’s waist in a futile attempt. He moaned out, coming hard at a single jerk from Hannibal’s quick hand.

“Oh my God.” Will wailed, closing his eyes.

Hannibal yanked his curls hard, enough to hurt but not damage Will's scalp and bucked in. A few more thrusts and he pulled out. Will looked down at him ravished as he traced his dick along his puckered hole, he then pressed his head in and released inside of Will.

Hannibal was not young, he started to feel the ache in his back and legs and looked at his boy as he pulled out. A hesitant hand went to grab Hannibal’s. It was too intimate.

‘No.’ Hannibal thought, his mouth opening to say so but the words died on his tongue at a single thought of his departed sister.

Will released a single tear, not knowing if it was relief in being sated or that Hannibal was not cruel to him. Hannibal was staring too deep at him and he found himself scared and unsure.

It was evident Hannibal wanted to say something, Will did too but as he opened his mouth Hannibal’s body crashed into his, heavy but comforting.

“You're so beautiful Will.” Hannibal said with a whispered kiss.

Hannibal slid off of him, only to cling heavy to his side.

Will closed his eyes, smiling internally.

Hannibal was never one to fret over his thoughts,even the ones that were a danger to the walls he put up. Nothing could shatter the teacup he designed. Fearful nights never kept sleep away.

Grabbing Will’s hand he closed his eyes.

Hannibal smiled broadly, not afraid of his display.

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